Loves Journal:

A

ROMANCE,

Made of the COURT of

HENRY the II.

OF

FRANCE.

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Roger L'estrange.

March 22.
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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE READER.

ALthough there be many Illustrious Names in this History, which won'd make you believe it true; yet you ought to look on it no

otherwiſe, than it really is : as a little Romance *made of the Reign of* Henry *the* 2d. *as you have already ſeen of thoſe of* Alexander *and* Auguſtus; *in which we have made uſe of Names ſo well known, only the more agreeably to flatter your Imagination. The Princeſs of* Montpenſier, *which ſeem'd to Intereſt ſo many Perſons, who yet hold the chief rank in* France : *for this very reaſon has not concern'd any of them. And this Journal being a meer Fancy, and the Author having*

no design but your Divertisement, he confidently hopes you will not draw thence any consequence contrary to his Intent.

Loves

To the Reader.

Lower

Love's Journal.

The First Day.

THE Poets say, the Spring is the season of Love; let us begin with it *Love's Journal*: for 'twas then the young Duke *Octavio* arrived in *France*, so famous by his own Exploits, and for the misfortunes of his Family. He came to entreat the Assistance of *Henry* the Second, against *Andrea Doria*, and *Ferdinando de Gonsagues*, who by the support of the Empe-

ror *Charles* the 5th. had inhumanely Murther'd his Father *Lewis de Farnese*, one of the greatest men of his time, and a particular Friend of our *Henry's*. *Octavo* being come to that extreme Calamity, which seems to be its period, and after which Fortune could not choose but grow weary; all things cast a more favourable aspect. The weather during his Voyage was as propitious as his wishes, and he arrived at Court upon a great Festival day, which succeeding happily, put the King into a more pleasant humour than ordinary. He loved the sport exceedingly, or to say truly, he loved all Pleasures with excess, so that his Court was the centre of all Delights: the Queen feign'd a complyance, *Diana* of *Poitiers* Dutchess of *Valentinois*, his Mistress, was beautifull and ayrie, and all the Courtiers devoted to pleasure. But as *Octavo* knew well the intrigues

trigues of the Court, so he resolv'd not to learn any of their dispositions. He was young and admirably well made, wise, but unfortunate; his grand design was to revenge his Fathers Murther, and not to enjoy the pleasures of his Youth; therefore would not be seen at *Anet*, where the King then was, but disguis'd like a Traveller, and leaving all his Equipage at *Lyons* that might discover him, resolv'd to go himself and understand his Interest and the Kings inclinations. His way lead him insensibly into a Forest, where all things seemed to inspire Love; he thought the Birds made a more exquisite Consort than otherwhere, and the Winds breathed a more Amorous murmur than ith' neighbouring Fields. *Venus* being represented in so various and charming forms, that were it in the times of Idolatry, he had believed the Goddess took pleasure to have

those Copies drawn by the Divine Original.

Octavo stopt a while to consider these rarities, and having been inform'd at his arrival, the King was a Hunting, he was extremely pleased, to pass in so delicious a place that time the Court spent in their divertisement. He sate him down upon the Rimme of an Oval Fountain, where the Goddess was represented leaning upon a Bed of black Marble, a Rock of the same unpolished supporting her head, which gently besprinkled her body with a thousand spinning streams; her Armes were spread, as it were to receive embraces, and that part of the Statue which represented the source of Pleasure, in a bubling water, cast forth the loveliest spout in the whole World.

The young Duke found his griefs so much alleviated, by the consideration of this Statue, that he had

continued his contemplation much longer, had he not been interrupted by one of the Hunters, who came to refresh himself at the Fountain. *Octave* was so delicately made, that our unknown Hunter could not look upon him without admiring his excellent Mine; he asked him what Adventure drew him to that Quarter, and offer'd him his Interest at Court, in such a manner, that he easily perceived him very considerable there. The Duke generously gave him thanks for his obliging offers; at which instant many of the Hunters coming near, he knew by their Respect, 'twas the King he had been discoursing with. You had reason, said the Duke pleasantly, to offer me your Interest in the Court, for I am much deceived if you have not a very considerable one there; and without injuring the Respect due to the King, I am assured you have as great a Power

there as himself. The King was going to confirm his opinion, when *Montmorency* the dearest of his Favorites approach'd them, and mouted for joy at the sight of *Octavo*, which caused the King to turn his face towards him: I humbly beg your Majesties pardon said *Montmorency*, that I could not command my transport at the sight of this Stranger; 'tis the brave *Octavo*, Son to the Duke of *Parma* and *Placentia*, of whom I have told so many wonders, and who is now come to confirm those praises your Majesty heard me give him after my return from *Italy*. The King having understood by this discourse the birth of *Octavo*, did him all the civilities he could expect from an obliging and generous Prince: And knowing the practices of *Andrea Doria*, imagin'd *Octavo* came to desire his Protection from his Fathers Murtherers; therefore preventing his

Addresses,

Addresses, promised him his assistance with an unparallel'd goodness. *Montmorency* contributed all his power to this promise, having a very great esteem for *Octavio*: For in the time of his exile under the Reign of *Francis* the last of that name, he sheltred himself in *Italy*, and there contracted a very strict Friendship with the House of the *Farneses*, so that there was not any thing he would not do to evince its reality. This first day being almost spent in Complements between the Duke and the Court, they left him to his freedom, that he might give the remainder to his rest, *Montmorency* conducting him to a Majestick Apartment, where he was attended with a pomp suitable to the *French* Magnificence, and the Interest he took in his affairs.

The Second Day.

Octavo was scarce awake when *Montmorency* entred his Chamber. The Friendship this great man bore the late Duke of *Parma*, was so great, and his compassion for the afflictions of his Son so generous, that he consulted his heart and not his grandeur, in all that concern'd the young Duke; and accordingly prevented his intentions of thanking him at his own Apartment, for the obligations of the precedent Evening; and interrupting him upon the first Complement he made him upon that account, *Octavo*, said he, let us banish all Ceremonies, they are neither according to my humour, nor the friendship I vow'd your Father; you are young, a Stranger, and in a refin'd and amorous Court, where Love reigns in various forms, there-

therefore I will give you some necessary instructions how to quit your self bravely in all intrigues. Let us walk into the Garden, the morning is fair, and the King not yet stirring: upon this they went through a Gallery adorned with excellent Pictures, from whence by a Terras with Balisters, they came into the Garden, and so into a close Walk, where they might discern ten or a dozen spouts of water of different forms, which made a very pleasing object. As they walked, *Octavio* told *Montmorency* some circumstances of his Fathers death, which he knew not before, and also the particulars of *Doria's* Rage, of the Authority of *Gonsagues*, and the troubles of *Parma*; this was their discourse till they entred the Alley, when *Montmorency* turning himself suddenly to the Duke, said smiling, What you have said informs me o the state of your House, but *Octavio*

that

that of your heart who shall tell me? 'tis by that we must know the man; nor can I engage for you to the King, but as for a Stranger, while I know no more of you than all *Europe* may do. *Octavio* knew the intrigues of the Court better than *Montmorency* imagin'd; he was not ignorant that the King excessively loved the beautifull *Diana*, and that 'twas for her he built the magnificent House of *Anet*, where the greatest Artists in Christendom were then compleating this Masterpiece; and as 'tis natural for Subjects to follow their Princes example, so he knew Love was the surest means to get his favour: yet he also knew the Kings jealousie of *Diana*, and her little care to make it dye, therefore resolv'd to prevent those inconveniences his good Mine might cause. And with a look extreamly melancholly, said to *Montmorency*, Alas! the affair

of

of my Family are all those of my heart; I have so small an inclination to Love, as though had I nothing else to do but Love, I could not resolve to quit my Indifference. Judge then how that can be receiv'd in a heart fill'd with revenge and ambition, which could not tempt me in my peaceful leasure. Ah! *Octavo*, reply'd *Montmorency*, you have given me the pourtract of your sentiments, but not in the *French* dress; you must Love in this Court, or resolve to be hated by all our Courtiers; the King loves, the Duke *D'aumale* loves, *St. Andre*, *Tarnac*, and *Chasteigneraise* feel its flames.

Strossi as brave a Captain as he is, has the same concerns, and I for my part assure you my Gray hairs should not countermand my Love, knew I any Fair one would accept me as I am. In saying this, he was accosted by several persons,

who

who brought him word the King was awake; he took the Duke with him to his Majesties Apartment, where the expectation of the Queen, the indisposition of Madam *de Valentinois*, who had kept her bed three dayes, and the misfortunes of the Duke, were the mornings News, till unawares they fell upon the Chapter of Love, which at those times never missed; the King not seeing the Duke *D'aumale* there, said pleasantly, he was dressing himself fine against the Ladies came: *Montmorency* answer'd, the Princess *Claudia* his Majesties Sister would be interess'd in his Gallantry; the King reply'd, he knew not whether the young Princess *Margaret* his Daughter would not dispute it with her Aunt; passing from one thing to another, never a Lord in the company but had a touch of Raillery upon the Royal Troop they expected.

pected. According to what I understand, said *Octavo* to *Montmorency*, I am happy in my Insensibility, for by his Majesties description, I should find those places I would possess Garrison'd by another. The King desiring to hear what the Duke said, *Montmorency* repeated it, and telling the subject of their discourse, charg'd *Octavo* to home with his Indifference, that he was forc'd to use all his wit to maintain it; the King saying, the Ladies beauties and not the Mens perswasions must cure his distemper, went immediately to meet the Queen, and the whole Court, who were just arrived; which being composed of very beautifull Women, *Montmorency* saw not one without asking the Duke if he were still Insensible; alwayes the same, answer'd *Octavo*, I see nothing there can convince me, though I know the Court of *France*

is

is admirable, every one of her Ladies are a Feast to my eyes, without concerning my heart. *Montmorency* saying, he must leave him to be convinc'd by time, and the pleasure of seeing his affairs in a better condition, took him to Dinner, and afterwards shew'd him his Stables, the Kings Hounds, with the Carving and Painting which so much adorned that stately House; when hearing the King was at the Counsell, he conducted *Octavo* to the Queens Apartment where having told the Princess *Claudia*, (who was ingenuous and ayrie) he had brought an Enemy of Love to be converted by her charms, he went to negotiate for him at the Counsell. *Octavo* was so well made and so pleasing, that never a Lady in the Court, but secretly reproach'd her eyes for leaving his liberty so long in his own power. But as he knew there

was

was never a one but had some Gallant of Quality, so he knew in the present juncture of his affairs, he had need of all helps, therefore said so many things to perswade his Indifference, that the whole Court believ'd him, and he was already call'd so much the *Insensible* as Duke *Octavio*. In the evening he had the honour to lead the Queen a walking, and to hear with her a Consort of Hautbois, which the King placed upon the water, that adjoyned to the fair *Diana*'s Lodgings: This Consort was follow'd by Artificial fireworks, all the Figures representing Half-moons, and streams of Fire. And the Duke *Farneſe* not finding a conveniency to speak with *Montmorency* all that evening, understood not what the Counsell had done in his favour, but stayd to be inform'd till the next morning.

The

The Third Day.

THe fair Dutchess of *Valentinois* having known by the King, and some others who had the liberty to see her in bed, the arrival of the young Duke of *Parma*, and what was already said of his Indifference for the Ladies beauty, pleased her self with the thoughts that if he had seen her, he would soon change his mind, and being alwaye proud of her own, had shewn by hundred circumstances she esteem'd it above all; she felt such a desire to triumph over the Indifference of this rash Youth, that she could hardly brook her slow amendment for retarding her Victory; but sent for *Montmerency*, (who was absolutely hers) and discoursing of the Duke of *Parma*'s Insensibility as of a wonder, attributed it to so many different defects, that she in-

genuously

genuously obliged him to make her *Octavo*'s Pourtract, as that he was infinitely well made, of a quick wit, and his Indifference could not be attributed to any want of good humour or knowledge; the more questions the Dutchess asked, the more her desire encreas'd to vanquish his Indifference. She pray'd *Montmorency* to walk with him that evening, in a part of the Garden she told him, where she would be undiscover'd, and endeavour to see the Duke without being seen by him; saying she chose that way, because she had not seen the Queen since her arrival at *Anet*, who might justly complain of her, if she perceiv'd her well enough to receive the Visits of a Stranger, but feign'd an indisposition when she ought to wait on her Majesty; though the truth is, the Dutchess thought there was somewhat more Gallantry to see him this way, than in her

Chamber. *Montmorency* was so much obliged to her, that she durst have communicated it to him though it had been a more guilty design. 'Twas to her he owed his return to the Court, and the Kings favour; for 'tis publickly known, the deceased King *Francis* upon his Death-bed, commanded his Son never to suffer his return: But *Diana* was so powerfull with this Monarch, that neither his Fathers commands, the counsels of his most faithfull Friends, nor the Queens most private designs, could ever prevail against the intreaties of his Mistress. Therefore *Montmorency* thought himself highly honour'd in her choice of him to do her that little service, and went immediately to look the Duke, whom he found coming from his own Apartment, where he had been to Visit him; thither they return'd, and the Duke asking him what the

King

King had resolv'd in his affairs, was informed that obliging Prince prepar'd to protect him with all his Power, and for that intent had given out Commissions for the raising new Troops, so that in a little time, he might see Forty Thousand men armed for his defence. This happy news put the Duke in so good a humour, as made him twice more lovely than before; he thank'd the King with such a Grace, as absolutely gain'd him, and was so pleasant all that day with the Queen and the Ladies, that they talkt of nothing but him. Evening being come, *Montmorency* pretended some new Questions with him, concerning the Forces with which *Gonsagues.* took *Placentia* some time before, also what Intelligence he had in *Italy*; to discourse this more conveniently, he led him into a private Walk, which abutted upon a green Arbor,

from whence without being discern'd one might see who walk'd in the Alley. 'Twas in this Bower the Dutchess stayd, accompanied with one of her Women who she trusted above any, call'd *Saint-Brune*, and follow'd by a little *Polander* lately presented her, who commonly carried her Mantle. When *Montmorency* came within hearing of the Arbor, With your permission, said he to the Duke, how d'ye find your Indifference? I thought all day I had something to ask you, and it slipt out of my memory till now: I beseech you, reply'd *Octavo*, let it always do so, for I can make you but the same answer I have already, that is, I never did love, do not now, nor if I can help it never will; the revenge of my Fathers death, with the re-establishment of my Fortune, possesses my whole Soul; and besides, I have so great a love for Glory, that I dare promise

miſe my ſelf my heart will never change it for any other paſſion. Truely very fine ſentiments, ſaid *Montmorency*, and worthy the Son of *Lewis Farneſe*: But *Octave*, Love and Glory are not inconſiſtent in a brave mind, for both poſſeſs'd *Alexanders*. You may rather ſay, anſwer'd the Duke, they both flouriſh in the mind of your brave *Henry*, who is the beſt of Kings, yet I know he adores the fair *Diana*; but all theſe examples dont convince me, for thoſe great men who give way to Love, underſtand the ſtrength of their own Reaſon, and know their paſſion ſhall ever be ſubjected to it; therefore looking upon Love as a divertiſement, lay themſelves open to it, without fearing its evil conſequence; but as for me, my power is not ſo Soveraign over my ſelf, for I underſtand ſo well that if I did Love at all, I ſhould do it to

excess; that rather than hazard Loving too much, I will not Love at all. Alas, said *Montmorency*, clapping him upon the shoulder with his hand, Love is not so excessive as you imagine; 'tis a Monster to you, only because you look upon it at a distance, but if ever you grow familiar with it, you will find it makes no such havock as you think of; when like you, we are young, well made, and fit to be loved, we esteem our selves more than we love others; and if pleasure make us quit our Reason, self-love knows the art to reduce us into the limits of necessity and usefulness. That which you say may be real, reply'd *Octavio*, but your Truths perswade me not; Fortune shall do what she pleases with my heart, I leave it to her; but as for Love, with your permission I must forbid it to my Grave.

If I could ever have entertain'd

it,

it, 'twould have been for the beautifull Princeſs of *Milan*, who is certainly one of the lovelieſt perſons in the World, and whoſe Allyance would have prevented the calamities of our Family: The fair Princeſs of *Florence*, with whom I was bred, had vanquiſh'd my Inſenſibility were it poſſible to be overcome, and I need not have come ſo far to preſent a heart to your *French* Ladies, which perhaps they may think unworthy of their charms, ſince I ſhall ſee them but as a Pilgrim in a Voyage. The Dutcheſs who heard this diſcourſe, was exceedingly jealous of her Beauty, and ſuffer'd with impatience thoſe praiſes which *Octavo* gave the Princeſſes of *Milan* and *Florence*. *Montmorency* knew the Dutcheſs well enough to underſtand her jealouſie, and turning himſelf briskly to the Duke, Go, ſaid he, I find you a thouſand times more guilty

than I thought you were; I look'd upon you as a baſhfull young man, who had more fear his firſt amours might not ſucceed, than antipathy to eſſay it; but ſince your Indifference is a wilfull hardning of your ſelf, I declare to you, that you are not according to my humour, and that I eſteem you not half ſo much as I did. *Montmorency* was upon theſe terms only to complement the Dutcheſs, who heard them; but the Duke not knowing his deſign, and perceiving his earneſtneſs in the diſcourſe, thought the King had given him ſome private orders, to diſcover his true ſentiments, which made him the more reſolute to defend his Inſenſibility, and made him draw ſuch a pourtract of all the evils of Love, as would have ſmother'd deſire, in a heart the moſt inclinable to that paſſion; ſo paſſing from Reaſoning to Examples, he enlarg'd upon the weakneſs of

of *Mark Anthony*, and ſeveral other places in Hiſtory that fitted his ſubject, in ſuch a manner as made the fair *Diana* think ſhe had never ſeen a man ſo pleaſing and ſo witty as the Duke of *Parma*; in the heat of their diſcourſe, they walk'd between whiles, and the night not being very dark, Madam *de Valentinois* ſaw the Dukes Stature and majeſtick Mine; then joyning the charms of his wit, to thoſe ſhe obſerv'd in his perſon, ſhe had ſuch an extreme deſire to know him more particularly, that if it might not be call'd Love, 'twas at leaſt a great inclination to become ſo,

The Fourth Day.

'Tis not to be imagined how desirous the Dutchess was to shew the Duke, the Princesses he had so much praised, were not the fairest in the World; upon her first sight of the King, she assured him she found her self well enough, to take the air that day, his Majesty telling her he expected a *Scotch* Prince, who came to desire his assistance for the young Queen, whom the *English* would take by force for *Edward* their King; she being desirous to see his Reception, there needed no more to make his Majesty comply with her inclination. He ordered they should cause the Earl to pass by a Terrass, built the length of her Apartment, and deferr'd his Audience till *Diana* could conveniently be upon it, from whence she not only saw

saw the Ambassador, but all the persons of Quality of the Court, (who were commanded to receive and conduct him to his Audience) as they passed in order before the place where she was seated. The fair *Diana* was in a careless dress, but exceeding magnificent and well contrived, her natural beauty of it self assuredly charming, was adorned with so many Jewels as dazled the Duke of *Parma*, (who saw her several times as he pass'd by) and the Earl was pierced to the very heart, stopping at the sight of her, as if he had been Planet struck. The Dutchess observing with pleasure this effect of her beauty, redoubled such piercing glances, as made him from that very moment the most passionate of all Lovers; but perceived with grief, her charms were not so powerfull upon the Duke *Octavo*'s heart: For although he thought her admirably

fair,

fair, the Kings goodneſs was ſo continually before him, that he ſhun'd her eyes as ſome dangerous Rock. This cunning woman, who underſtood the dumb language of the eyes, and who was experienced in all the little geſtures and motions of the body, with diſpleaſure remarkt the Duke *Farneſes*. In the evening ſhe told the King, ſhe would be glad to ſee ſome company, who brought her the Duke of *Parma*, and the *Scotch* Earl whom ſhe received leaning upon a Couch ſtrewed with Flowers where ſhe pretended her indiſpoſition caus'd her to reſt. This poſture and the Dutcheſſes amorous carriage, touched our Inſenſible to the quick, ſo that the fair *Diana* perceived, he was not ſo much a Philoſopher as the night before.

The Fifth Day.

He would be assured the next day, and commanded *Saint Brune* to satisfie her desire; this apt girle, who had Wit, and as they say, experience in Amorous affairs, quitted her self worthy the trust reposed in her. She went to the Kings Masse, and chose her Seat so well, that without shewing any design, she was beside the Duke of *Parma*, who took notice of her, by the respect was shewn her, and had the curiosity to ask who she was; being informed it was St. *Brune*, the best beloved by Madam *de Valentinois* of all her women, he whisper'd in her ear some Gallantries upon her seeming Devotion: All *France* knew so well what an absolute power the fair *Diana* had with the King, as had the Duke only consulted his Politicks, he ought not to have slipt that opportunity of

of being acquainted with her Favourite. But beſide this conſideration, St. *Brune* was exceeding Lovely, yet the great Motive was he thought her Miſtreſs the Evening before, the moſt charming Perſon in the whole world; theſe reaſons made him ſay a thouſand kind things to her woman during Maſſe; this crafty Favourite anſwer'd him ſo wittily, and wholly engaging, that without ſuſpecting any hidden deſign, inſenſibly obliged him to lead her to her Chamber; as they went, the Duke could not forbear praiſing her Wit and Beauty; when ſhe was paſt the danger of being overheard, ſhe turn'd ſuddenly to him and ſaid, my Lord Duke I know to whom you addreſs your Compliments; you tell them me only to ſay them over again, and the reward you expect for your kindneſſes, is that I aſſure the Dutche

you know how to distribute them. *Octavo* thought he should have fallen down at this discourse; he did but just believe himself that Madam *de Valentinois* was Beautifull, nor had he reveal'd it to any, and looking upon this as a design to ruine him with the King; who I! cry'd he, I love Madam *Valentinois*! yes; yes, you do love her, reply'd St. *Brune*, (counterfeiting a great freedom) and gave her a hundred looks yesterday that assured her of it, and his by her Order, I inform you she takes notice on't, and is exceedingly surpriz'd to see so wise a man as you seem to be, should thus preferre his desires before his Interest: She sayes, she thinks boldness becomes young folks very well, but thought you not capable of what she observed; and in fine, she conjures you not to give way to this Passion. The King being with the Dutchess, St. *Brune* was fain to run into her Mistresses

ſtreſſes Chamber, to carry her ſome *Spaniſh* Gloves, which ſhe knew ſhe would preſent his Majeſty, and left the Duke in the greateſt confuſion he ever was in. He had too much wit, not to perceive St. *Brunel* preciſe remonſtrance to be an ingenuons Leſſon what he ſhould do, and not a reproach for what he had already done; and this advance from one of the Lovelieſt perſons in the World, and beloved by a Great King, pleaſingly flattred his Vanity; his firſt emotion was a tranſport of Joy, which appear'd in his Eyes and Face; then again, that reſpect which he owed to the King, and the fear of loſing ſo neceſſary an aſſiſtance, ſhould he diſagree with *France*, made him look upon that as ill Fortune, which juſt before he thought the greateſt happineſs; his mind was ſo full of various thoughts, that to hinder the Knowledge of his diſturbance from any

any curious Eyes, he walkt alone into a Wood, there two whole hours going backwards and forwards at a great rate; then ſtopping on a ſudden, without knowing poſitively what to determine: but in the end Love remain'd Victorious. The Duke being of an Age wherein 'tis hard to be Cruel, when Beauty makes the firſt overtures, and beſides, he knew a woman contemn'd, is capable of the greateſt Cruelty Revenge can inſpire. He went to the Queens Lodgings, where St. *Brune* wittily informed him, the Dutcheſs would ſpend a part of that day, and there counterfeiting an extreme diſtraction and languiſhing, had a thouſand private Aſſurances he was obſerv'd; the Dutcheſs ſeveral times asked the Ladies and the Courtiers, if the Duke uſed to be ſo Melancholy; and being told they never ſaw him ſo gloomy before, ſhe ſeem'd to think it was the unhap-

pystate of his Affairs that made him so out of Humour, and shewing an obliging Compassion for his misfortunes, Courage my Lord Duke, said she, we should not be dismay'd by the blows of Fortune; that which seems the most difficult, is many times the most easily accomplished; we are in a business where our Interest is great enough to foretell you a happy Issue. As the Dutchess said this by the by, so he suspecting those about him, made no other answer than with his Eyes but pleased himself with the thoughts that he was understood.

The Sixth Day.

HOw pleaſant was the Night that followed this happy Day? the fair Dutcheſs of *Valentinois* was continually in *Octavo*'s Imagination, anticipating his Diſcourſe, and in ſome ſort his deſires. See what a great Soul is, ſaid he to himſelf, thus all women of ſincerity and wit ſhould do; and if the reſt of women-kind knew ſo well the value of each Moment, we need not ſpend half our lives, making pittiful faces and uſeleſs ſighs. Theſe reflections gave him ſuch an Idea of the Pleaſures to come, as made him enjoy one little leſs for the preſent; (his pleaſing thoughts making him forget he was alone, and the extravagance of talking when there's none to anſwer:) how Lovely ſhe is! continu'd he, and how Charming is this Procedure to a man of a generous

Mind? these thoughts entertaining him the greatest part of the Night, he wak'd so late the next morning, that *Montmorency* and the Marquess of *Farnac*, (who came to fetch him to Dinner with the Duke *D'anmale*, where the *Scotch* Earl also was) found him in Bed. 'Ha! cry'd 'Montmorency, (entring the Cham-'ber) pray see how Loves Ene-'mies imploy their time; they 'seem to be i'th World for nothing 'but to sleep, and the Suns Rising 'is a Beauty of Nature too Precious 'for their Sight. Why then, (re-'ply'd the Duke of *Parma*, smiling) 'd'you think sleep so great an evil, 'that you reproach it to my Indiffe-'rence as a Crime? Yes, said *Mont-'morency* smartly, whatever comes 'from a bad Cause, can produce no 'good effect; and consequently you 'must either resolve to quit your In-'sensibility, or I must be no longer 'of your Friends. Ha Sir, (answer'd

'the

'the Duke, taking *Montmorency* by 'the hand) if you pleaſe then do 'not deprive me of your Friendſhip. His new Paſſion forc'd this from him againſt his Will: and fearing the Marqueſs *de Farnac* might take notice of it, he added. 'But ſtay 'till Love conſtrain me to complain 'of him, and do not make him Per-'ſecute me before hand, by being 'the Author of your averſion for me. The Marqueſs helpt the Duke to defend the freedom of the Mind and Inclinations: when paſſing from this Diſcourſe, to the arrival of the *Scotch* Ambaſſador, *Montmorency* told *Octavo*, that this *Scotch* Prince praiſed Madam *de Valentinois* ſo exceſſively, as made the whole Court believe he would ſoon be in love with her, if he were not already. This News made *Octavo* feel a ſecret envy, and ſhew'd him the fair *Diana*'s Charms had left a deeper impreſſion in his Heart than he ima-

gined. *Montmorency* going into the Gallery of Pictures, that the Duke might dreſs himſelf with the more conveniency, whither he follow'd him with the ſooneſt; then they went together to the Duke *D'anmales*, whoſe good Cheer took up a part of the day. From thence all the Company went to the King, where he was ſeeing ſome Horſes rid, which the Queen of *Scots* had preſented him. The Duke *Octave* perceiving the Court ſo well imploy'd, thought he could never find a time more favourable to viſit the Dutcheſs; therefore privately withdrew himſelf from the Company, and repair'd to Madam *de Valentinois*; he knew ſhe was in an Arbor of Rock-work that adjoyned to her Summer apartment, which doubtleſs was one of the moſt agreeable places in the World. All its Furniture was little Boles of Fountains, Cuſhions of Cloth of Gold, and *China* Flower-

pots

pots fill'd with Flowers; a *Venus* of White Marble, form'd a Grotto the length of the Arbor, and Eight or Ten *Cupids*, some sleeping, others imploy'd in the Goddesses service, made as many various spouts of water, which reflecting upon several looking-Glasses that adorn'd this Bower, glid away with a delicious murmur through small Leaden Pipes. At the End of the Arbor was a Couch made *Portugal* fashion, and by a cornish of Rock-work that jetted out, hung a thousand branches of Greens intermixt with Flowers, which made a Canopy over the Dutchess head, who lay under it. The Duke thought her so Lovely in this posture, that he stood like one in a maze; *Diana* knowing perfectly the effects of her Beauty, felt a secret joy for *Octavo*'s Trouble, which made her yet more Charming. 'Tis so customary with Love to produce bashfulness in youug Lo-

vers, that if Madam *de Valentinois* had not had more reſolution than the Duke of *Parma*, this interview ſo commodious and worthy to be well imploy'd, had been loſt in ſilence and admiration: but the fair Dutcheſs growing weary of this Dumb Muſick, asked the Duke, how his Affairs proceeded? A man more experienc'd in theſe occaſions would have anſwer'd, that ſhe knew better than himſelf, ſince on her only depended his deſtiny; but 'tis ſo true, that the moſt Ingenuous amongſt young people, are but Aſſes in the beginnings of their firſt Loves, that our reſpectfull youth durſt not ſpeak one word to diſcover his Paſſion, but chang'd his Countenance, and heſitated, as if he was troubled to find ſomething to ſay; the Dutcheſs pittying his little experience, would give him time to come to himſelf, and fell to playing with the Flowers, as if ſhe had forgot

forgot the Duke was there; till remembring she had heard *Octavo* was a great Traveller for a man of his Age, she chang'd their conversation to the subject of his Travels. In the mean time the Duke recollected himself; he wanted neither wit nor courage to undertake a great enterprize; and his timidity, which proceeded from Surprize or Transport, did but serve to quicken his wit. He told the Dutchess, he had seen nothing finer in his Voyages, than a Statue of the Sultaness *Asteria*, the Mistress of *Solyman* the second, which the *Venetian* Ambassador at *Constantinople*, (since Duke of *Venice*) had caused to be made for her. Madam *de Valentinois*, though she was very curious, remembring not that she had ever heard of this Statue, was surpriz'd that a thing he spoke so admirable, should scape her curiosity, and earnestly desired the Duke to tell the par-

cuti-

ticulars of this Raritie; the wit-ty *Italian* was not silent to her de-mands, but continued the Fable with as much freedom of wit, as if his own memory, and not his inven-tion, had furnish'd him with it, and begun his Discourse in these terms.

The History of the Sultanesse Asteria.

MAdam, the History which you command me to re-count is so secret, and seems so strange, that the *Venetian* Ambassa-dor should get entrance into the Seraglio of the Emperors Women, as if the Statue I told you of did not confirm it, and the people of whom I learnt it, were not as well known to me as my self, I should hardly believe their recital. *Soly-man* was one of the greatest Princes in the World, he was generous and mag-

magnificent, and seemed to be a monument of the fidelity of the Sultanesses to the *Ottoman* Emperors; but Love is an odd kind of fellow, to whom every ordinary accident becomes formidable, and he will alwayes have Wonder and Romance in his intrigues; 'tis enough to make a man execrable, who finds an invincible necessity to love him. The Duke spoke these words with so much earnestness, that the Dutchess could not forbear smiling to observe it; and making him remember he spoke to the Mistress of a great King, Let us proceed to the Sultaness, my Lord Duke, said she, and leave the Sultan. He seemed to be somewhat confus'd at his digression, and returning to his Story, with as much seriousness as if it had been real, he continued, Madam, she was so lovely, that whatever I can tell you of her beauty, is infinitely less than those

those Ideas I have of her in my ow
mind; she had such a Stature an
Mine, as inspir'd respect and adm
ration; her hair was a shining black
which exceedingly set off the white
ness of her skin, and her complexio
bright and dazling; her mouth ha
a thousand charms that cannot b
express'd; and her fair eyes, whic
with the sparkling of the black, ha
the languishing of the blue, spok
such a passionate language, tha
'twas impossible to meet the
glances and not understand them
or without being transported wit
love for whatsoever they sai
The pourtract of the Sultaness *A*
steria, so perfectly resembled th
Dutchess of *Valentinois*, and th
Duke look'd upon her with
much passion while he made it, tha
she was like to interrupt him in tha
part of it; but her curiosity ove
coming her impatience, she let hi
go on in this manner. The happy *V*
neti

Ottian saw her upon a day of the Sultans triumph; and though he felt his heart wounded by her at first sight, yet he hop'd she took notice of it. This person thought himself Insensible till that day, and took a pride to appear so; Fortune was his only Divinity, and Policy seemed to rule all his Actions: but Love never triumphs more, than in the midst of great difficulties. This dangerous Seraglio, which would have frighted any but a Lover, seemed not worthy our Ambassadors consideration; the desires to please, and the fear of not pleasing, were the only things that merited his reflections, and having found the secret to discover his love, and that he was not hated, he easily found a way to be introduced to the fair *Asteria*'s Apartment, having engaged an Eunuch who was privy to the adventure, and who disguis'd him so well, that he

he was not suspected by any of th Guards. He found his beautifu Sultaness alone upon a bed of Flow ers, and took her for the Godde of Pleasure; her fair eyes shew him nothing of cruelty, and th amorous *Venetian's* spoke the grea test passion in the world. Wha shall I tell you further, Madam? i short, he was so tempted to steal kiss from her fair lips, that he ha much ado to overcome his tran sport. Does this presumption mak you blush, Madam? (said the Duke earnestly looking upon the Dut chess, who indeed blusht) and i the incomparable Madam *de Valen tinois*, had been the Sultaness *Asste ria*, the Ambassador could never have been so favoured by Love as in this occasion. That was accor ding to the excess of his passion, and the Idea which the Lady con ceiv'd of it, (reply'd the Dutchess, looking on the ground.) Ah

Madam,

Madam, cry'd the Duke, (in rising and ſtealing a kiſs from the Dutcheſs,) how well the *Venetian* underſtood Love, and the divine Sultaneſs him? The fair *Diana* ſhew'd all neceſſary ſigns to make the Duke believe, he ſtole that kiſs againſt her will: But the cunning *Farneſe* eaſily perceiv'd the appearance from the truth, and continuing his Hiſtory as if it had not been interrupted, was going to make his pretended Ambaſſador ſo happy, that *Octavo* would have been glad to participate his good fortune; but the Dutcheſs perceiving this Hiſtory to be a Fable, after what had happen'd, Not ſo faſt, my Lord Duke, ſaid ſhe to him, I have heard enough of this Adventure for the firſt day, we may know the reſt in good time, but a Hiſtory of this nature requires more warning than I have leaſure to take now. Ah Madam, (reply'd the Duke, with an un-

unparallel'd fervency) thoſe who told me this ſtory, aſſur'd me that which made the *Venetian* ſo fortunate, was that he perſwaded the Sultaneſs they ought to make uſe of all occaſions who meet with them but ſeldom. I'le warrant you, (ſaid the Dutcheſs ſmiling) they who imploy the firſt opportunity ſo well, can eaſily find a ſecond. As the Dutcheſs ſpake theſe words, the King entred the Garden, follow'd by the *Scotch* Earl and the whole Court; the Ambaſſador did ſo many extravagant actions in Madam *de Valentinois* ſight, that the Duke thought it convenient to follow his example, and retir'd into his Cloſet ſo fill'd with Love and flattering hopes, that theſe inchanting thoughts imploy'd all the reſt of the day, and part of the following night.

The

The Seventh Day.

'Tis ſo much the property of Love to inſpire young Lovers with Poetry, that our Duke could not be diſpenc'd with from this general Law; he made an *Italian* Madrigal, and repeated it the next day to the Queen, as a piece of Gallantry ſent him from his own Countrey; who being an *Italian*, and knowing all the delicacies of that tongue, lik'd it ſo well, that ſeveral *French* Poets were ambitious to tranſlate it; and 'twas done ſo happily, that the King who loved Muſick commanding an Ayre ſhould be compoſed to theſe words, he and all the Court ſung no other Song.

Madrigal.

For ev'ry Bleſſing double thanks we owe:
Firſt for the ſimple Gift we are in debt.
Then from thoſe petty ſums, much larger grow;
To th' intereſt of our joys no bounds are ſet.
No Laws controll that uſurie,
Nor will it ſtinted be,
But addes, and ſtill without controll addes more;
And then it doubles what it gave before.

2.

Though millions for my happineſs are due;
That balmy Kiſs, which has my wounded ſoul
But one apply'd half cur'd. They are but few,
But very few, compar'd with that vaſt ſcroul,
Which the bleſt Intereſt does fill,
And with much more yet will.
The dreams, the pleaſing thoughts, and extaſies;
The ſweet remembrance of't, has given, and give

3.

Ah wou'd my Fair one grant another Boon!
Or but the very ſame ſhe gave before;
In ſpight of envious fate, which does ſo ſoon
Deſtroy, e'en what ſhe gives; and makes us poor.
By the ſame hand of Time, which brings
The ſtore. I'le clip his wings,
And make him ſtay; or I'le beg: if 'twont be,
Then I my ſelf will giv't Eternitie:
It ſhall for ever live, live in my memorie.

Nature

4.

Nature, in vain thou ſtriv'ſt to guard the heart!
In vain's the prudent care that wall'd it in:
(Though one would think it ſafe on ev'ry part)
In vain, alas! thy care and coſt has been:
Love has a paſſage found, he has;
But t'other day it was,
When to my grief he ſhew'd his powerfull art;
He ſtorm'd my mouth, and by it gain'd my heart.

The Tune that was made to this Madrigal prov'd ſo ſweet, that every body learnt it. But the pleaſanteſt thing was, the Ambaſſador of *Scotland* delighting exceedingly in Muſick, (as generally all his Countreymen do) ſung it continually. He had a good voice, and thinking to pleaſe the Dutcheſs with that quality, was the firſt that ſung to her the Madrigal upon the Kiſs; and quavering ſo long upon the paſſionate words, and with ſo much affectation, that the Dutcheſs could not forbear laughing when ſhe obſerv'd it; he looking

with such languishing eyes, when he sung *balmy Kiss*, and *another Boon*, made his error seem so pleasing to Madam *de Valentinois*, that (not unlikely) the happy *Farnese* ow'd to that circumstance, the consequence of this divertisement. It may be some may think, that according to this Journal, Love makes great advances in a small time; but we mean it not for a Register of the dayes of our lives, but a List of Amorous affairs; therefore you must think, that all the principal Actions were attended by such circumstances, as were necessary to produce them.

The Eighth Day.

THe Queen who loved not the Dutcheſs, having a private Alliance with *Scotland*, had leſs Friendſhip for the Duke of *Parma*, than the *Scotch* Earl, ſhe being then laying the Foundation of the Alliance between the Dolphin of *France*, and the Queen of *Scotland*; and this particular Intereſt, making her have one more General for the concerns of the Ambaſſador, ſhe was the firſt that obſerved his Love for Madam *de Valentinois*, and we may believe was not the laſt that ſtrengthned his Hopes. She lookt upon the fair *Diana*'s diſloyalty, as the only Rock on which the Kings Love could be wreckt, and thought the Earl a fit Perſon to make her fall into the Snare ſo often laid; wherefore ſhe made all her Servants, whom ſhe thought

capable of ſerving her in this Deſign, flatter his Paſſion, and gave the Earl all opportunities ſhe could to ſee Madam *de Valentinois*; the Queens jealouſie made all feaſible, ſhe appearing ſo favourable to the Earls Amorous deſires, that he could not be accuſed of preſumption, for cheriſhing his Hopes by her incouragement, and purſuing his Amour by her Aſſiſtance; but the fair *Diana* had no inclination to him. And beſides that grand Obſtacle, ſhe was as politick as thoſe who undertook to inſnare her; ſhe knew as perfectly the Queens Intentions, as if ſhe had been of the Privy-Counſel of her Revenge, and reſolving to turn the miſchief prepared for herſelf upon her enemies, ſhe complained to the King of the Earls boldneſs, as an extreme injury to his Majeſties Honour: he was almoſt overcome with Joy to ſee his Miſtreſſes

Fidelity

Fidelity in ſo nice a buſineſs; ſhe drew a thouſand benefits from this Affair, and ſo powerfully ſtrengthned his Love, that ſhe abſolutely gain'd his belief and aſſurance of her. The King lov'd the Dutcheſs exceſſively, and being naturally jealous, adviſed with *Montmorency* how to remedy this Ambaſſadors extravagance, without violating the Law of Nations. *Montmorency* commended HisMajeſties moderation, and deſiring to make the Duke *Octavo* neceſſary, mentioned him as a fit Perſon for the reducing the Earl to his proper Duty. The Duke was politick and witty, and whatever was done of his part, could not be ſuſpected to come from the King; for by the Queens advice (who endeavoured to hinder the Dutcheſs of all important friends) the unwary Earl had made ſeveral overtures of friendſhip with the Duke. There-

fore His Majesty resolv'd upon *Montmorency*'s advice. We see now the Duke Honour'd and made the Confident of the King his Rival, and intrusted to be reveng'd of one who begun to be so. You may imagine he fail'd not to use so favourable an oportunity, but insinuated himself into the Kings Favour with so much art and success, that this Monarch could not live without him; and adding the pleasures of the advancement of his concerns, to that of loving Madam *de Valentinois* without the Kings suspition, he so well reconciled his Politicks with his Love, that he was equally happy in both, at least we have Reason to think so; for 'tis certain, the King hastned the raising of those Troops he designed him: and there were some Verses abroad about this time, which were thought to be his, by which we may judge he succeeded as

as well in the art of pleasing, as in that of negotiation. Some of these Verses are put here for form sake, but are left to your choice whether you will read them or not.

The Enjoyment.

IN a cool shady Bow'r to lie,
Where th' kind embracing of the loving bowes,
'Gainst ev'ry envious eye,
A sure defence allowes:
And modestly (what humane Lovers ought too) shews.

2.

There at his belov'd Mistress feet to lie;
View and consider well
The many charmes make up that mighty spell,
(For great and many too they needs must be,
Since man so much unwilling to obey we see;)
That mighty spell whereby
She first enslav'd him, as yet free,
And then for ever, bound him to her Tyrannie.

3.

Then on a sudden in her eyes to find,
Those gentle spirits move,
Which are the Harbingers of Love,
And take possession of the mind.
One sooner cou'd deny
A mighty Prince, than this kind language of the eye,
When Beauty bids it on her Errand flie.

And

4.

And then to feel what none cou'd e're expreſs;
And none but Lovers ever gueſs:
To feel the ſweet Infection ſpread,
With a ſoft tickling pain,
Through ev'ry vein,
And ſeize the heart, as well as head.

5.

Then when the body (like the nobler ſoul)
Warm'd with a hot deſire,
Becomes all fire
Within her armes to lie, and cool
Th' exceſſive heats now dang'rous grown;
And from her panting breaſts, her dying eye,
And melting ſighs which from her boſome flie,
Take new flames, and more kindly than his own.

6.

How long, alas! the learned, grave, and wiſe,
Have ſought with vain and fruitleſs toyl,
The bleſſed ſeat of Paradiſe:
Theſe are the joys which make that happy ſoyl:
And that bleſt Bow'r the place,
Which if my Miſtreſs grace,
And but as kind as yeſterday ſhe was, will be,
In ſpight of Fate each day is Paradiſe to me,
As ſweet as that ſooth'd Mankinds harmleſs Infancy.

The

The Ninth Day.

THe Dutcheſs was building a Monaſtery ſome diſtance from *Anet*, which ſhe viſited often; the way to it lying near a part of the Forreſt, the Duke who knew how to Create pretexts, managed his time and Circumſtances ſo well, that ſeldom a day paſt wherein he ſaw not Madam *de Valentinois* in her walk to the Covent; ſhe went ordinarily without any other Company than St. *Brunes*, and a little *Polander*, who knew not a word of *French*, nor underſtood any thing but his Miſtreſſes ſigns; ſo that he was imploy'd in all thoſe Myſterious Affairs, which required ſuch an ignorant Officer. One day when the King Hunted the wild Boar in the Forreſt, the Dutcheſs being gone her wonted Pilgrimage, *Octavo*, (whoſe new Favour obliged him

him to be near his Majesties Person) cunningly stole from the Company, to a place where she enjoy'd the coolness of the shade; she rise at first sight of him, and striking him upon the Shoulder with a branch of Orange tree she held in her hand, You're very bold my Lord Duke, (said she) thus to interrupt a Ladies Privacy; ev'n withdraw your self, continued she, (and flung a handfull of Orange Flowers in his Hair) the Adventure is more dangerous than you think for, shewing him a little Hillock shadowed by a Sloe-bush in Blossom. The Duke began this piece of Gallantry bravely, and taking her by the hand to conduct her to the place she had shewn him, You have very little Charity for poor strangers, (reply'd he in a drolling tone) thus to lie in Ambush for them upon the Kings High-way; who could ever have imagin'd this attaque?

attaque? go, Madam, you deſerve to be Chaſtiſed, and I hope to quit my ſelf of your Ambuſcado like a brave Fellow. Without queſtion a Diſcourſe ſo well begun, was carried on as pleaſantly; for although St. *Brune* went ſuch a diſtance from them that ſhe could not hear their Diſcourſe, the ſubſtance of the Entertainment may be gueſs'd by the Verſes made in that ſolitude.

Madrigal 2.

HArk how the murm'ring Woods, my Fair one, do (complain,
Since you and I the other day they ſpy'd;
That unkind Nature has to them deny'd:
Thoſe ſweeter pleaſures which by Love we gain.
It vexes 'um to ſee,
Their glorious Progenie,
So trim and gay adorn the ſmiling Field,
Yet not th' remembrance of one ſweet pleaſure yield.

2.

Whilſt ſpend-thrift like ſhe ſo profuſely waſts,
Such mighty ſums on her dear Fav'rite Man;
That e'en whilſt he his Duty payes, he taſts
Thoſe pleaſures which they never knew; nor can

Devouring

Devouring Time destroy,
The sweets which we enjoy.
When Age depraves our taste; in a Childe we
Then enjoy, and in a Grand-childe chew o're our
(Leacherie.

Chor. *Thus the short pleasure we enjoy,*
In getting of one lovely Boy,
Still multiplies it self, and we
Enjoy it still in our posteritie.
For when he mates, we cry,
Ah so did Phillis *once, and I.*
Ah so, &c.

If the Duke of *Parma* had contributed only the subject to this Song, yet he writ it with his own hand, and being 'twas with a Pencil in a Table-book, it not being so easie to make lettters upon Ivory as upon Paper, his were so difficult to be known, that the Dutchess thought it needless to wipe them out, but put them in her pocket, and return'd to the Castle, much satisfied with her happy encounter. The Duke follow'd the Hunters, though he could hardly overtake them; yet when he found them, was outwardly sorry for

for the loſing their Company; *Montmorency* comforted him as well as he could, telling him, the King was very much concern'd for his abſence. The Duke having a mind for to droll, Had I been in Love, (ſaid he, pleaſantly) I need not complain of being ſo long alone; but I confeſs ſolitude is very Melancholy and dull to a man that's Inſenſible: You ſee, (anſwer'd the Ambaſſador) that ſometimes Love is very uſefull; I begin to think ſo too, (reply'd the Duke, ſmiling) and two or three ſuch accidents as I met with to day, will make me hate my Indifference: Theſe Diſcourſes continued till they came to the Caſtle, where the remaining part of the day was ſpent in telling the ſucceſs of their Hunting, which having been ſomewhat violent, they went early to bed, and eas'd themſelves of the labours of the day.

The

The Tenth Day.

THe next day the Court went a Fiſhing, and the Ladies were in a dreſs ſuitable to the Recreation; the King ſhew'd his magnificence in the expenſiveneſs of the Banquets, and the rich adorning of the Boats where they were ſerved. After the return from Fiſhing, there was an *Italian* Comedy at the Queens apartment, and the Dutcheſs having ſome private reaſons to love that Language, was one of the firſt at that divertiſement. The *Scotch* Earl having the opportunity to place himſelf behind her chair, his Paſſion being always the Miſtreſs of his Politicks, reſolv'd to give her ſome new mark of that Love he could not overcome; Madam *de Valentinois* lifting up her hand to put ſomething of her dreſs in order, the Earl ſpy'd

a

a Ribband at the entrance of her Pocket, which he thought was her Table-book, ſoftly drew it out, whilſt ſhe was looking another way, and thinking to make ſome advantage of that adventure, went to write ſome Gallantry in it; but caſting his eyes upon that of the foregoing day, was ſurprized to find that Character in the Dutcheſſes Table-book, and the reading it raiſed in him ſo great a Jealouſie, as made him fetch a deep ſigh: the fair *Diana* hearing it, lookt towards him, and perceiving her Table-book, nimbly ſnach'd it away, letting him ſee by her angry looks, that ſhe was diſpleas'd at this preſumption; he lookt earneſtly upon her when he ſaw her anger, and fetching another ſigh as deep as the former, Ah! Madam, ſaid he, what have I ſeen? At theſe words he left the Room: the Dutcheſs perceiving by them he had read the Madrigal,

resolv'd to prevent the evil these Verses might cause if they were known; she read them first, and faining she believ'd the Ambassador writ them, complained to the King of this affront, and told him, with all the appearances of a real grief, that she was very unhappy in being an object for the insolencies of strangers, because she was loyal to his Love. This way of changing the business, made the King so angry with the Earl, that if the private Treaty of the Marriage which he carried on, had not caus'd the Queen to raise all her Interest to support him, the King had sent him word he might return. He Protested, and 'twas true, that he never so much as thought to write those Verses, and that he had never seen them, except in the Dutchesses Table-book; but circumstances being against him, and Madam *de Valentinois* having rub'd them

them out as soon as the King had seen them, with a pretence of being asham'd of them, 'twas impossible to know the Character, so that the Earl was tax'd with an Iniquity he was nothing guilty of.

The Eleventh Day.

LOvers cannot live long in good Intelligence, the excess of Love makes them capricious, the most inflam'd hearts being the most inclinable to anger; and we had rather betray our own happiness, than to Love alwayes without clashing: The Duke and Dutchess on the sudden look'd not so kindly upon each other as they were used to do, and *Octavo* being highly displeas'd with her disdainfull usage, was almost resolv'd to sacrifice his Interest to his Love, and return into

Italy. Thoſe who in that time heard of *Farneſe*'s diſcontent, judged it caus'd by *Montmorency*'s propoſing of him, to marry the young Princeſs *Diana*, Madam *de Valentinois* Daughter by the King, (to which they ſay he could never be perſwaded;) but 'tis not like the Dutcheſs, who knew very well the reaſons he had to ſcruple that Allyance, could be diſpleas'd with him for oppoſing it; and having ſince in his ſtead given her his Brother *Horatio*, ſhe had no reaſon to be diſſatisfi'd upon that ſcore. 'Twas Love only could ſeparate hearts ſo firmly united, he only caus'd their diſagreement, and he alone muſt reconcile it. The fair *Diana* tax'd the Duke with not being tender enough in the effects of his paſſion, and for retaining too ſoveraign a power over the faculties of his ſoul, in a time when pleaſure ſhould ſet free all its functions.

ONe Ev'ning as a happy Lover lay,
In his dear Ladies bosome at a bay,
Finding her Am'rous flames begin to dye;
And a thick mist o're spread her twinckling eye:
'Must these sweet Pleasures too, enrag'd cryes he,
'Must these thus fleeting, and thus short-liv'd be?
'Use all those pow'rfull Names which Love inspires,
'And with thy breath rowse these expiring fires.
Then lest he wanting to's own Laws shou'd prove:
'My dear, he cryes, my pretty rogue, my Love:
With thousands more that witty Loves invent;
Which, though the sottish world (& what they meant)
Ne're knew: Yet well by Lovers known they be,
Who understand Love's wond'rous mysterie:
And feel the pow'r which in their charm do lye;
And see the mighty wonders wrought thereby.
Then with a dying eye, speaking disdain,
With Love and Anger mixt, thus did complain
The Fair one. 'Ingratefull! thee now I hate:
'Hast thou yet strength to waste in idle prate;
'And whilst I in thy armes thus drooping lye,
'Thou Love or courage wantst with me to dye.

These are all the Memoirs are left of that great controversie, which divided the opinions of the greatest Wits in *Europe*, and which made the Pope resolve to joyn with the Duke of *Milan*, against the Duke of *Parma*; which he dar'd

not have done, had he not hoped the unkindneſs grown between him and Madam *de Valentinois*, would cauſe the King of *France* to withdraw his aſſiſtance. But 'tis not in this affair only, that things have been attributed to the Policy and Intereſt of Princes, which were wholly caus'd by Love. *Octavo*'s Crime will ſeem but a ſmall fault, to thoſe who are commonly call'd the men of Reaſon; but Love is govern'd by his own Laws, and according to them, this Lover was exceeding guilty. Therefore the Dutcheſs could no more be perſwaded to pardon him, than he to confeſs himſelf in a fault: witty *Saint Brune* did eminent ſervice in the appeaſing this diſorder; ſhe entreated, and begg'd; but the buſineſs being matter of Fact, the Dukes Reaſons muſt lye in the proof; and 'tis thought the skilfull *Italian* perſwaded *Saint Brune* by her

her own experience, that she might with more facility convince her Mistress; 'tis further believ'd, that this Knowledge strengthned her Eloquence, and not perceiving the Dukes silence material in that affair, it help'd her to inform the Dutchess, that it was no Crime not to observe her opinions: however 'twas, our quarelling Lovers grew Friends again. But as these picques are generally the wrack of the Lovers Prudence, the Duke could not hide his grief, so well as he had conceal'd his happiness; the ordinary Judgements attributed his Melancholy, to the Popes Allyance with *Gonsagues*, but the *Scotch* Earl discern'd what the Court could not. He had a faint remembrance of the Letters in the Madrigal, and finding them to have some likeness with *Farnese*'s writing, and adding this suspicion to several actions of the Duke in the time of this difference

with the fair *Diana*, he compar'd the melancholy of that time, with the gayety of this, and weighing in his mind the Dukes advice concerning his conduct, he took that for the effects of his passion, which was only in pursuance of the Kings orders; and no longer doubted that *Octave* was his Rival, and what was more, beloved. So that the Friendship he had feign'd the Earl, was a new motive to augment his fury, which grew to an unparallel'd excess. He discover'd his Jealousie to the Queen, as he had also done his Love; this Princess was extremely glad of it, confirm'd it, and advis'd him wholly to imploy himself, in the interception of some Letter, which might evidently clear their suspicion.

The Twelfth Day.

THere was no great difficulty to accompliſh their deſign, the fidelity of Domeſticks is too weak of it ſelf, to reſiſt the power of an angry Queen, and a man of Quality in Love, and liberall: the Earl corrupted that ſervant of the Dukes, who uſed to carry his Letters to the Dutcheſs, and bring him back her anſwers: He knew of him, that the little *Polander* always left them in a hole, which was in the Pedeſtal of a Marble Mercury, in a croſs-way of the Forreſt, whither the Duke ſent him for them, and made him carry the anſwers. You may eaſily think the Earl fail'd not to be there the next morning, being informed by the bribed ſervant of the time he ſhould carry his Maſters Letters, where he found this in *Italian*: the

Earl

Earl understood not the Language well enough to know the meaning exactly, but the Queen was his interpreter, and explain'd it to him in these terms.

HOw I love your anger, for to it I owe all my happiness. Favour me with another Pisque, I beseech you Madam, for you have more reason than you imagine, since I am yet alive, and our last conversation has not yet made me Loves Martyr. Punish this procedure, unworthy the excess of my Passion, and that you may find a punishment equal to my crime, forbid me these ravishing joys when I shall see you again.

This Letter produced such a mixture of joy and grief, in the mind of the jealous Ambassador, as was like to have made him lose his wits. He would have run to the King,

and

nd by ſhewing him *Octavo*'s trea-
hery, revenge himſelf of the Dut-
he ſs, by the loſs of her Lover;
ut the Queen being leſs tranſ-
orted, and conſequently more
rudent, was of opinion to have a
Letter of Madam *de Valentinois*'s
wn writing, before they under-
ook her ruine: The fair *Diana*
ad ſo prodigious a wit, and the
King ſo much poſſeſt to her advan-
age, that ſhe had withdrawn her-
elf from two or three as dangerous
lots as this. And the Queen
earing her cunning might diſap-
oint them, would not hazard any
hing but what might be effectual.
Therefore ſhe only took a coppy of
he Dukes Letter, and ſealing it up
gain as well as ſhe could, made
he Earl carry it to the place from
whence he brought it. He had
ardly obey'd her commands,
when the *Polander* came to quit
imſelf of his ordinary commiſſi-
on;

on; and ſome hours after, during which you may imagine the Poſt was watch'd, he brought this anſwer.

I Have yet a quarrel with you, if you love them; for I reſolve to gratifie your deſire. what mad you write me a Letter ſo paſſionate and full of tranſport, (fond Love as you are) thus to ſurpaſs all mine ſo that I can no longer boaſt writing kinder things than you if it had been a Letter of five or ſi pages, I could be better ſatisfi'd but in five or ſix lines, to ſay all th ſweeteſt things love can inſpir Well; I know how to be reveng for this injury. And like anothe Artemiſia, *I won't make an end dreſsing my ſelf, before I make confeſs, I love you a thouſan times better than you do me. Y may come with aſſurance to o rendezvouz; (for I am not capabl*

of deceit) there you shall find me without other company than St. Brune.

The jealous Earl found his jealousie very much augmented, when he had read this Letter; and according to the conduct of all Lovers, felt an extreme Joy to see that there, which for his life he would not have found. He ran to the Queen, agitated by two or three several passions, crying, Victory, Victory, at her Closet door, and shewing her the Letter he had intercepted; she felt a purer joy to see it than the Earls was, immediately resolving to follow the success she hop'd from it, sending for an Officer of the Kings Guards, who was absolutely at her devotion, whom she commanded so to order it, that the King might see the Letter, and not imagine there was any design to shew it him. For this intent

'twas

'twas agreed amongst them, th Officer should pretend it dropt ou of the Duke *Octavo*'s pocket, an presenting it him again in the King presence, should let his Majesty see the hand. The Queen knew his humour well enough, to b assured, that if he saw a part of it he would read it all; and as tha jealousie is most violent that i gotten by chance, so by thes means she hop'd to undoe th Duke and Dutchess, without being suspected to be the Au thor of their ruine: while these things were transacting, the Duke was in his Chamber, as much wondring at the cause of the Dut chesses silence, as she at his neglect. He was informed by his servant, whom he ordered to fetch his Letters, there was none in the usual place: And not knowing the true reason, he thought of twenty false ones, which excee-

dingly

dingly perplext him. On the other side, the fair *Diana* being told her Lover was in the Kings bed-Chamber, and intended to go with him a Hunting that day, was so enraged at his proceedings, that immediately she repented all her kindness to the Duke, calling him ungrateful, insensible, nay Traytor it self; and to Punish him for all her former indulgencies, feigned herself not well, and would not see him at his return: this niceness increas'd *Octavo*'s suspitions, and made him accuse the Dutchess, of the same inconstancy she thought him guilty.

The

The Thirteenth Day.

THe next day they were both in the Queens Lodgings, and look'd very coldly upon each other, ſpeaking nothing of their diſcontent. *Saint Brune* was imploy'd again to interpret the buſineſs, which was ſoon done on the Dukes part, for when he had proteſted he ſaw no Letter, he was no longer faulty. They call'd the little *Polander*, who after his manner aſſur'd them he put the Letter in the uſual place; the Dukes Servant ſaid, he found none there, and backing the aſſurance of his fidelity with all the Oathes he could think on, put out two Lovers in a great perplexity. Madam *de Valentinois* knew ſhe had written an Aſſignation very kind and paſſionate, the Duke was ſure he receiv'd none, ſo that they could not ſuſpect any body but the *Scotch* Am-

Ambaſſador; and the Dutcheſs was ſo vex'd to find her favours left to the diſcretion of a man of his humour, that ſhe could not be ſatisfi'd. If to intereſt him in the ſame intrigue, would have charm'd his tongue, ſhe had ſoon reſolv'd upon it; but ſhe thought not this way ſo certain as 'twas eaſie, knowing thoſe favours ſeldom teach Gallants the faculty of ſilence. *Diana* having a thouſand thoughts in her head, and not knowing which to chuſe, put the Duke in an unconceivable deſpair; though he needed not have been ſo dejected, Love taking the care of their preſervation, without their knowledge: for whilſt the Dutcheſs thought her ſelf Ruin'd, and the Queen Reveng'd, the Officer that ſhould have been the Miniſter of her fury, was kill'd at the Caſtle-gates: he had a Quarrel with one of his Camerades, which could not be

determin'd but by their Swords. Fate would have the lot fall upon the Queens Agent; and since the Marqueſs of *Farnac*'s diſpute, Duels were ſeverely forbidden, which made the Friends of the deceaſed, carry him two miles from *Anet*, where in a pit they cover'd him with Chalk, and with him the Letters which caus'd ſo much trouble, and were to produce ſuch wonders. You may eaſily think what effect this had upon the Queen and the Earl; they abhorr'd their former precaution, and ever and anon twitted each other with the loſs of that advantage, being like to have parted Intereſts, when they had moſt need of a ſtricter Union. The Dutcheſs knew not yet what cauſe ſhe had to thank Love for this Murther, ſo neceſſary to her ſafety; but ſtill look'd upon the Earl as the undertaker of her ruine, which robb'd her of all quiet; ſome nipping

nipping words he often let fall, confirm'd her opinion, augmented her fears, and made her change countenance whenever he began to ſpeak. One day above the reſt, when the Dutcheſs follow'd the Queen, who walk'd in the CaſtleGarden with the whole Court, a ſudden ſhowr made them take ſhelter in a Gallery that lay between the Apartments of the Duke *Farneſe* and *Montmorency*; the Pictures in it being admirable, and repreſenting ſeveral effects of the Gods Juſtice upon the wicked, were the ſubject of their diſcourſe: One of them ſhew'd the torment of *Ixion*, for letting his deſires aſpire to the Wife of *Jupiter*; another, the burning of *Semele*, and this the Queen lik'd beſt: but the Duke of *Parma* was the moſt pleas'd with the adventure of *Diana* and *Actæon*; the Goddeſs was drawn ſo lovely, the Landskip ſo natural, and the conformity between the Names of

Diana and Madam *de Valentinois* made him esteem it so much, that he could not grow weary of commending it. But when from the praise of the Painter, they came to the story of the Picture, For my part, (said he, pleasantly) I must beg pardon of the Ladies severity, if I esteem not this so great an example of it as they believe; I think it but equity to punish a Lover for undertaking an enterprise contrary to his Mistresses commands, (for 'tis just disobedience should have its due correction;) but to imagine it unlawfull to take the advantage of chance, or that a man may not enjoy the Caresses of Fortune, when she flings her self in his armes, is past my understanding. This discourse putting the Dutchess in mind of the Kiss in the Grotto, and several other occurrences, where he had practic'd what he preach'd, made her

her ſmile, which paſs'd not unobſerv'd. But pray (reply'd a grave auſtere Lady of the Court) what interpretation do you make of ſo known a ſtory, and ſo well receiv'd, if not that 'twas the effect of *Diana*'s modeſty, and the puniſhment of *Actæon*'s preſumption? I conceive (ſaid the Duke, continuing his raillery) that *Diana* puniſh'd this Hunter, becauſe he purſued not his good fortune; very like the Goddeſs would have been well enough pleas'd *Actæon* ſaw her naked, had his tranſport at the ſight of her beauty, effaied his crime againſt her modeſty. This is a new Moral to the Fable, (anſwer'd the Queen, ſmiling) and if you can draw ſuch from all the fictions of the Antients, they have left us a terrible doctrine. Madam, (reply'd *Octavo*) the Antients were ſo wiſe, that one of their thoughts may find matter for five or ſix of ours. Kings have

an example in this, of the reſpect we ought to have for the pleaſures of Princes, where we ſhould take no greater ſhare then pleaſes them to allow us. Your Majeſty, who is ſo modeſt and ſevere, may ſee an example of ſeverity and modeſty. A Politician may find a Maxim, not to let them live long, who know more of our affairs than we are willing they ſhould; but a man of my age, makes no ſuch ſerious reflections, nor looks for any thing but Amorous Morals. You make very curious diſtinctions for one that's Inſenſible, (ſaid the Princeſs *Claudia*) and Nature muſt needs be unjuſt, if ſhe hath joyn'd a mind ſo able to underſtand Love, with a heart ſo uncapable to receive it. Ah Madam, (added the Earl) perhaps the Duke is not ſo Inſenſible as he appears to be, a ſeeming Indifference being many times the maſk of a great paſſion: And if Madam

Madam *de Valentinois* would ſpeak her obſervations of the Dukes heart, to the Queen, I dare be confident his diſguiſe cannot eſcape her quick-ſighted Judgement. This diſcourſe touched the Dutcheſs ſo ſenſibly, that ſhe could hardly conceal her diſturbance; but having a great power over her ſelf, ſhe was ſoon compos'd, and told the Earl in an angry imperious tone, I am but a bad Voucher of what you deſire, and as I believe it injuſtice to look into others ſecrets without their permiſſion, ſo I think their curioſity deteſtable who are ſo inquiſitive. If the Letters he intercepted had been ſtill in his hands, our Ambaſſador had not ſtood mute in ſo provoking an opportunity; but the impoſſibility of proving his malice, hindred his ſaying any more of it, but ſigh'd for vexation, at the bad ſucceſs of his enterpriſes. The Queen who loved not to loſe ſighs

ſo idly, like a prudent woman took no notice of their diſcourſe: Our Lovers had let fall a thouſand marks of the private correſpondence that paſs'd between them, which they obſerv'd not; yet the politick Queen, thought they might be uſefull to her in time. She commanded the illuſtrious *Marot* to write in Verſe the ſtory of *Diana* and *Actæon*, according to the Duke of *Parma*'s opinion. This Poet being greatly obliged to her, and finding the ſubject very pleaſing, made this following Fable.

The Fable.

IN the firſt dawning of the Worlds great day,
When th' Infant Sun his tedious race begun;
Which he five thouſand years, they ſay, has run:
And twice five thouſand more he may,
For ought I know, ere it be done.
'Twas in thoſe early dayes, when all the way
From Heav'n to Earth, more bright, and purer was,
Than that we now the Milkie call; & boaſts it ſelf ſo gay.
Then with unſtained feet the Gods might paſs;

As

As yet the road was free,
From all those mirie clouds, and dirty mists we see,
Which from our sins do come;
Some from Drunkenness, *from* Luxury *some;*
And some from crimes that deeper stain,
The blood of faithfull Lovers slain;
Some from th' infectious blasts, which come
From the false Lover's *perjur'd breath; with which*
(the Trav'ling Sun,
As he his constant stage does run,
Bemires his gilded rayes,
Which ev'ry moment shed it on the wayes;
That by this means th' are now impassable become.

2.

And often then the Gods did daign
To visit Mortals here below;
And by their presence, ease that pain, (us now,
(Though small it was, compar'd with what attends
Since they no more that Heav'nly aid, on us bestow)
That pain unhappy Man e'en then was born to know.
And as their Charity oft lead 'um down;
So (as their sacred Priests the Poets sing,
Whose knowledge, or their truth none can in question
Like mighty Monarchs weary of a Crown, (bring)
And of those God-like pleasures, Pow'r
On Crowned heads does show't;
Who wisely yet the meanest try,
And from the pompous noisie sports
Of Princes and of Courts,
T' a solitary Lawn, or some poor Cottage flie;
The best of foiles to set off Majestie,
Whose greatest part but in comparison does lie.

So

3.

So they oft their Diviner joyes laid by,
And converſer Earthly pleaſures try:
In pleaſant ſhades they wantonly do roame;
Or to ſome ſilly Shepherds homely Cottage come:
Where they with eaſie Queſtions, ſound
(But he as well the Delphic myſteries cou'd expound)
His ſhallow wit; and ſport themſelves to ſee
(Ah cunning of ſelf-flatterie!)
Their knowledge, ith' poor Clowns ſimplicitie.
Or in ſome Cryſtal Brook,
They Bath'd; who ſecret virtue took
From his bleſt Gueſts; and which ſome yet retain,
Who free from mans pollution under ground have lain.
No wonder then our Philoſophers ſearch proves vain,
Since they are grown ſo wiſe,
They do not only modern Prieſts,
By Envy too too much oppreſt,
But th' Antient Prieſts the Poets too deſpiſe:
And ſtrive to bind to Natures feeble Laws, (cauſe.
What to immediate acts of Pow'r Almighty owes its

4.

'Twas in thoſe happy dayes when in a lonely Grove,
On a ſweet flowry Bank,
Where ev'ry Herb one wou'd ha' thought had ſtrove
With ſmiling looks, (for they no leſs
Than thankfull words a grateſull mind expreſs)
The bounteous neighb'ring Brook to thank,
For that ſweet life which from his cup they daily
Who loath to leave ſuch pleaſant companie, (drank.
Chides his too haſty ſtreams, and bids 'um ſtay;
And murmurs at that Law he muſt obey.

Yet

Yet though so rigorous it be,
Delayes a while his Tribute to the Sea;
Winding his lubie streams e'en backward goes,
And fain within his armes wou'd the lov'd place enclose.

5.

On this sweet Bank the fair Diana stood;
Her constant and beloved place,
When wearied with the toylsome pleasures of the Chace,
She us'd the well known virtue of the Flood:
Depriv'd of all those Ornaments which Art,
But all in vain, to Beauty does impart,
Since simple Nature sooner takes the heart.
And beauteous Woman, much more beauteous shews
In Natures naked dress,
Than when with Gold, the beauty of the Mines,
Or Silk, a poor Worms pride, she shines;
And like a painted Pageant goes:
Hiding those native Glories of her own,
To boast anothers, and much less,
whose value only by opinion's grown;
Whilst Natures self on hers sets the Impress,
And has their real worth to all Mankind made known.

6.

And poor Axon a sad proof has given,
That this, though so neglected, Doctrine's true;
When by the scorching Sun he hither driven,
Instead of shades, found flames till then he never knew.
He oft had seen before,
But must, alas! no more,
Gay Beauties trim and fine,
In Silks and Tissues shine;
In rich Embroyderies,
And costly dies.

These

These he, and unconcern'd, had often seen;
But when he in her naked Glories all array'd
The fair Diana *saw: Lightning it self had been*
A slower Minister of Fate; no aid
From helpfull Reason cou'd be brought,
Or trusty Morals sought;
She instantly made all her own,
And all his strength was straight o'erthrown:
His Tongue had quickly his known duty left,
And idly to his Palate cleft.
His heart th' Enemies part too took,
And ev'ry sence her Master then forsook;
All but unhappy she,
Who must his utter ruine be;
And taught him only how to look.
Just like a senseless Tree he stood,
A new-made Denizon oth' Wood,
Who though he more did see, as little understood.

7.

Next at his folly, thus the angry Goddess cryes;
Why has too easie Heav'n
T' a wretch, who knows not how to use't, such for-
Can't he believe his eyes? (tune giv'n?
Or am I ugly grown? Or can he spy
A greater Beauty in some mortal eye?
The curse of hot desires,
And fond remorse's Hellish fires!
Prey on his soul eternally:
That he (though now too late) his loss may see,
Whilst silly Fame for this shall sing my Chastitie.

8.

This said, she swiftly glided through the air;
But too deep rooted was the sad despair,

Which

Which she in poor Actæon's *breast had sowne,*
To die; though she the cause of it was fled, & gone:
That liv'd, and prosp'rously, alas! did grow
To thousand branchy cares,
The unhappy Antlers
That now adorn his cloudy brow.

9.

In vain to pleasant Fields he does repair,
Where he was wont to ease his care:
As much in vain he homeward goes;
He in his bosome bears his foes.
Hot, fierce desires, and loud regret,
Still sounding in his ears a fresh recheat;
Till wearied out at length he dies,
And unto injur'd Beauty falls a Sacrifice.
Since when, men by his sad example taught,
Need not by Beauty to be sought. (*lose,*
They are but very few who such sweet hours wou'd
And modestly such great good fortune cou'd refuse.

The Fourteenth Day.

THe Queen had wound ſo handſomely into this Fiction, a Satyr againſt baſhfull Lovers, with the deſcription of the too preſumptuous, ſhe repeated to the King the diſcourſe which caus'd this Gallantry, in ſuch a malicious manner, and the Dutcheſſes looks betray'd her ſo often, that ſhe hop'd thereby to ſtir up his Jealous humour, and make him evidently perceive his Miſtreſſes unfaithfulneſs. But *Octavo*'s ſeeming Inſenſibility, his conſtancy at the Court, and the ſtratagems of Madam *de Valentinois*, ſo blinded this poor Prince, that all deſigns to make him ſee more clearly miſcarried. Therefore the Queen reſolv'd to ſpeak more plainly, and knowing *Marots* fidelity, engaged him to make Verſes, to be underſtood contrary to what they

they expreſs'd, of the whole Court, and eſpecially of Madam *de Valentinois*; nor would ſhe be omitted her ſelf, that it might appear with the greater plauſibility. Theſe are all that came to our knowledge.

THe Dutcheſs is as chaſte as fair;
As cruel as fell Tigers are:
Of all the wounds ſhe gives,
None e'er cou'd find relief,
Or but e'en pitty for their grief,
Except our Prince, for whom alone ſhe lives.

The Great Italian *he has not*
The leaſt advantage on her got:
For him alas, poor ſot!
As people now in private prate,
She pierc'd unto the very heart,
And made him play Actæon's part;
As Marot *did relate.*

If that the Queen her ſelf ſhou'd ſee,
In danger of the Regencie;
The Dutcheſs, ſhe no doubt wou'd call,
To help to dry thoſe tears wou'd fall
At her dear Husband's Funeral.

The Conſtable's an honeſt man,
Let him get all the pow'r he can,
Or wrape or wring in France;
For his great honeſty,
And known integrity,
'Tis a ſmall recompence.

Theſe

Theſe mock-truths, as they were then call'd, were cunningly ſpread through all the Court; and the Queen complaining the firſt of her affront, made them ſo publick by her ſeeming trouble, that they ſoon came to the Kings ear, who was tranſported with Jealouſie; and being aſtoniſh'd to think the two perſons he moſt eſteem'd, ſhould be ſo guilty, he went to the Dutcheſs, who ſaw in his face the trouble of his mind: this politick Lady, who knew what had paſt, and was prepar'd for what was to come, received the King with an appearing grief, which ſuſpended all his anger: and preventing what ſhe thought his Majeſty would ſay, with a flood of forc'd tears, (which women of her humour have always at command) ſhe told him, ſhe was very unhappy to be the mark of the Queens malitious invention, and to ſee her innocence and virtue traduced by thoſe perſons whom her

her Love to his Majeſty obliged her to reſpect. Then ſhewing him the Verſes, as if ſhe knew not he had ſeen them, begg'd his permiſſion to retire into a Monaſtery, that ſo miſerable a perſon might leave the world, of which he had made her the ſcorn and ſport. This was enough to perſwade a Prince blinded with Love, into a confidence of his Miſtreſſes Loyelty. He lifts her up with a great deal of tenderneſs, and after he had made her ſwear ſome of thoſe Oaths which the direction of the Will keeps from Perjury, he conjur'd her to calm her grief, and ſacrifice to him her juſt anger. The Dutcheſs pretended ſhe could not bring her ſelf to that moderation, and ſtill deſir'd leave to withdraw; then cunningly bringing into their diſcourſe, that the Queens hatred to her and the Duke *Octavo*, proceeded

from the allyance which his Majeſty intended for the young *Diana*, whom ſhe ſtil'd, that poor forſaken Princeſs. The tenderneſs of a Father and a Lover, joyn'd ſo ſtrongly to overcome our *Henry*, that he went immediately from the Dutcheſs to the Queen, to whom he complain'd ſo ſharply of the trick he ſuſpected ſhe had put upon his Miſtreſs, as made them ſee 'twas in vain to undertake her ruine.

The Fifteenth Day.

THis unexpected event did ſo incenſe the Queen, (who as we obſerved before was an *Italian*) that ſhe did all that lay in her power to be reveng'd; ſhe oblig'd the greateſt part of the Counſel to oppoſe the Kings Intentions to aſſiſt *Octavo*, and ſecretly ſpread amongſt the

the people, that the Court had rather ſacrifice the lives of 40000 men to the Marriage of the young *Diana* with *Farneſe*, than ſuccour a young Queen always in league with *France*, and who offer'd the Dolphin that Crown they deſired the King to preſerve: theſe ſtratagems and reports reduc'd the Dukes affairs to ſo low an ebb, as made him even diſpair of any good ſucceſs: But he had ſtill left him the pleaſure of receiving the Dutcheſſes conſolations; ſhe offer'd not a tear to her policy, but he privately wip'd away; and this officious Lady did ſo counterm ne the Queens intrigues, and confuſe her deſigns, that ſhe could hardly clear them. The two Rivals hated each other to that extremity, as ever and anon made them ready to cut one anothers throat; the Duke knew the Earl was the author, or at leaſt the inſtrument, of whatever happened

contrary to Madam *de Valentinois* intereſt; and the Earl knowing perfectly his Rivals happineſs, would have given his life to hinder his enjoyment. One day when they were both in the Kings Chamber, attending the reſult of the Counſel concerning their affairs, *Octavo* having made the Earl a reply to ſomething he ſpoke as Ambaſſador, and which principally concern'd him, there paſs'd ſeveral ſharp words concerning their different qualities, which at laſt caus'd a quarrel. They went down the back ſtairs into the Forreſt, as if they had gone to walk, where they preſently drew, and ſo furiouſly began the fight, as might juſtly have preſag'd a dangerous event, if the Marqueſs *de Farnac* and the Earl of St. *Andre* (advertis'd by an Officer of the Chamber) had not run to part them. 'Tis not imaginable what a noiſe this Duel made in the Court;

two

two men of their quality to go together by the ears at the Kings Chamber door, and in a time whilſt they were managing affairs of ſo great importance, ſeem'd a thing too ſtrange to be believ'd; but the Queen and her faction made nothing of it, attributing that to Love, which appear'd to others an effect of their ambition; ſaying, 'twas no new thing for Rivals to quarrel. This ſo powerfully awak'd the Kings jealouſie, as oblig'd the Dutcheſs to abſent her ſelf for ſome time from the Court, to cure his ſuſpicions: ſhe retir'd to a little houſe ſhe had upon a River, which runs a *French* League from *Anet*; this place being deſign'd for Bathing, ſhe fain'd her ſelf not well, and to have need of that remedy.

The Sixteenth Day.

THis complyance with what Madam *de Valentinois* call'd the Kings infirmities, ſo calm'd this Princes mind, that it ſeem'd impoſſible to trouble it any more. His Miſtreſs left the Court without repugnance, the Duke and the Earl were with him; and under a pretence of honouring the Dutcheſs, ſhe was ſo ſtraightly guarded, that he durſt have anſwer'd for her as for himſelf. But of what uſe are Guards, when Love undertakes to deceive them? the Duke ſaw the beautifull *Diana* every night, witty St. *Brune* having found ſo great a convenience to remedy the troubles of their abſence, that neither all the Kings precautions, nor the Queens ſnares, interrupted any of their enjoyments. The place where Madam

de

de Valentinois abſented her ſelf, was diſtant from any other habitation, being built after the Model of the old *Roman* Baths, and which (as we ſaid before) ſerv'd for no other uſe; and accordingly had a private way into the River, that one might waſh there when 'twas fair weather. Through this Paſſage the happy *Farneſe* was brought into the Dutcheſſes Chamber every night. He always ſhew'd himſelf at the Kings Supper and Bed-times, as if he had nothing to do but give his attendance; as ſoon as the King was in bed, he went to a place in the Foreſt, where his Horſe was ready, and from thence he went to the River ſide, St. *Brune* having a morning Gown ready on the other ſide, where he paſt through the Vault, and entertain'd the fair *Diana* two hours: Theſe nocturnal adventures laſted ten or a dozen nights, with a ſucceſs for which our Lovers

could not give Love thanks enough. The King perfectly satisfied with his Mistresses proceedings, began to propose her return; the Queens jealousie being somewhat appeased by the Dutchesses absence, seem'd weary of persecuting her; but the jealous Earl fed not himself with these vain appearances, the Letters he had seen taught him more of their affairs, than to imagine our true Lovers kindness could be unactive. And the more the Duke was indifferent for Madam *de Valentinois* absence, the more the Ambassador was perswaded it took nothing from their pleasures: therefore he renewed his bribes and his promises to *Octavio's* Servant, that helpt him to intercept the Letters; and although since that accident he was not so much in his Masters favour as before, yet by him he discover'd our Lovers private Journeys, and resolv'd to watch him, and not trust the

conduct of his affairs to any but himſelf; and following him at a diſtance, to the place where he put off his Clothes, he ſaw him ſwim over the River, and enter the Vault which led to *Diana*'s Chamber. How unpleaſantly the jealous Ambaſſador ſpent that time his Rival paſt ſo agreeably! He had a hundred temptations to follow him, and either participate the Dukes good fortune, or ſtab him in thoſe Armes where he imagin'd him. But beſides that, it was doubtfull whether the door were not ſhut after *Octavo* came in: this raſh enterprize was difficult to be executed, the Earl being alone, without other Armes than his Sword. And though it had been poſſible to kill his Rival, as he thought, what he had experienc'd of Madam *de Valentinois* Policy, made him fear the effect of what he had no witneſs to prove: he therefore went ſoftly back again, and

rowling

rowling a thouſand different thoughts in his head, choſe that he judg'd moſt profitable. He reſolv'd then to be at the Dutcheſſes apartment the next night, in *Octavo*'s ſtead, and threaten her to tell the King all he had ſeen, if ſhe would not grant him the ſame favour with his Rival; and as it neither became the reſpect he ow'd the Queen, nor favour'd her revenge, to communicate to her this reſolution, ſo he kept it from her as a great ſecret; and taking no Counſel but of his Love, he expected the following night with unſpeakable impatience.

The Seventeenth Day.

WHen jealouſie is diſſembled, 'tis not half had, being an evaporation whoſe firſt beginnings are hard to ſuppreſs, but when it hath

hath once o'recome it ſelf, with
aſe vanquiſheth the diſtruſts of
thers. The Earl appear'd ſo calm
t the King's riſing, as if his mind
ad not been in the greateſt per-
lexity that poſſible could be; and
aving liv'd quietly with the Duke
f *Parma*, ſince the King reconci-
ed them, he took him to dinner
hat day; and when they roſe from
able, went to the Duke *D'aumales*,
who kept his Chamber for a hurt
e had received in his foot the laſt
Hunting. When the ordinary time
f going to the Queens apartment
was come, they went together,
nd follow'd her a walking, then
aw her ſup. The Duke was going
is uſual Voyage, when the Earl
ound a trick to ſtop him, whiſper-
ng the Queen, that for ſome rea-
ons he would make known to her
he next day, 'twas neceſſary to the
Dutcheſſes ruine, that ſhe ſhould
etain the Duke near her the great-

eſt

eſt part of the night: This jealou
Princeſs embracing this occaſion o
revenge, without knowing more o
the Ambaſſadors deſign, after Sup
per propoſed falling to Play, an
deſired the Duke to make one
this propoſition caus'd ſo muc
trouble to the amorous *Octavo*, as i
might be obſerved in his face; bu
the King coming in and approving
the Queens motion, he durſt no
contradict it, but play'd with ſ
much diſtraction, and told th
Clock with ſo great diſturbance, a
would have rais'd pitty in any but
Rival. But he had more cauſe t
grieve, when the Queen upon a ſign
from the Earl, ſeem'd to grow earn-
eſt in her play, and reſolv'd to paſs
with it the reſt of the night; the
Duke thought he ſhould have fall'n
from his Chair at this diſcourſe,
anſwering the Queen, that with-
out queſtion ſhe ſpoke in raillery,
and that ſitting up ſo long, might

pre-

prejudice her health; she reply'd, he found no inconvenience in watching, and desir'd the King to gratifie her in it: he readily consented, being willing to please her in small things, that she might give him his liberty in matters of greater concernment; *Farneſe* not knowing how to break off, since the King approved it, was forc'd to have patience, and pass a night destin'd to so much pleasure, in an exercise he naturally lov'd not, and which that juncture made insupportable to him. The Earl observ'd the agitations of his mind, by the wildness of his looks, and felt a joy which seem'd to him a prediction of his approaching happiness. Then seeing all secure, and not fearing any obstacle in his design, left her Majesty, and rid to the same place where he saw *Octayo* the evening before. The happiness he had already promis'd himself, flatter'd so

agree-

agreeably his imaginations during his Voyage, that he thought the hour already come he had so long and so ardently wish'd for. He studied his Oration, and not believing that the Dutchess would sacrifice her favour and his private intrigue, to her loyalty towards the Duke, (which she observ'd so ill with the King) look'd upon his future happiness as infallible; when he felt himself entangled in a net, which not only stopt him in the middle of his course, but put him in danger of drowning. He strugled with so much violence, that being strong he would have broke the net, had thy given him time; but the noise he made in the River with his strugling, caus'd some of the Centinels to come to the water side, where they drew him out as soon and as well as they could, and led him to the Guard, whither he scrupled to go: this kind of pro-

proceeding ſurprizing him, he thought they did it of their own accord, and told his name, not fearing but that when they knew it, they would give him his liberty to go whither he pleas'd. But his opinion deceiv'd him; the net that catch'd him, was not laid by chance. The King being advertis'd by the Spyes (which under the notion of Guards he had plac'd about the Dutcheſs) that every night they heard a noiſe in the water, he deviſed this trap. The lot fell upon the unhappy, and not the guilty. The Earls ill fortune being ſuch, that the artifice he uſed to keep the Duke at *Anet*, was the cauſe of his delivery from the ſnare laid for him.

The

The Eighteenth Day.

THe Play could not have been interrupted by a ſtranger accident, nor more unlook'd for than this. The King made an out-cry when they brought him the news, as if he had receiv'd ſome mortal wound; and as our firſt tranſports are ordinarily indiſcreet, he told that had hapned to all about him. The Queen you muſt think was ſurpriz'd: All that heard the adventure, could not forbear laughing in their ſleeves, as at the pleaſanteſt that e're befell. But the Duke was ſo overcome with rage and jealouſie, that he had rather have choſen the deplorable condition of the unfortunate Earl, than that which the Dutcheſſes ſeeming infidelity had put him in: he withdrew himſelf to his own apartment, liberally curſing the whole Sex,

Sex, and his Mistress more than all of them together; no melancholy reflections but troubled his brains, nor reproaches of a betray'd Lover that he utter'd not; and having pass'd the rest of the night without undressing himself, at day-break he got on horseback, and wandred about the Forrest without knowing whither he went, or to what end he came out: one while he would take Poste and go so far, that he should never more hear of *Anet* or *Valentinois*; then again, he would return to the King, and endeavour to moderate his first displeasures, and defend the Dutchess from his anger; then from this thought, he pass'd to those testimonies of Love he had receiv'd from that fair person, which some places in the Forrest brought to his mind, when perswading himself the Earl had enjoy'd the same, he resolv'd to take from him the remembrance with

his Life: But perceiving these violent designs, like all the products of hasty and tumultuous thoughts, bore but little shew of reason, he fix'd upon that of seeing the Dutchess, and to reproach her unfaithfulness in the most extravagant terms his rage could inspire; and having evaporated in this manner his first transport, contemn, forget, and were it possible, hate her too, as thinking her unworthy the esteem or Love of so faithfull a person as himself. He no sooner took this resolution, than he hastned to execute it, and rid to the Bath as fast as his horse could gallop; his fury not leaving him any conduct, he came thither at broad day, and went streight to her Chamber, without first asking her leave; she shouted for joy at the sight of him, and lifting up her eyes to Heaven in sign of acknowledgment, Ah, my dear Duke, (said she) your pre-

sence

ſence brings me out of a great perplexity. Yes, Madam, ſaid the Duke angerly, it ſhews you upon which of your Lovers the lot is fallen, and as the provident care you always take, ſtill keeps you one in reſerve, the Earl is only taken in the trap, and I am yet in a condition to take his place, the Dutcheſs knew not any circumſtance of what had hapned the night before, being only inform'd by St. *Brune,* that the perſon ſhe expected at the Vault, had met with a ſnare in his paſſage; and the Kings expreſs order having hindred her further knowledge, ſhe fear'd *Octavo* had been in the net where the Earl was taken. But when the Dukes diſcourſe gave her ſome inſight into the truth, ſhe thought it ſo pleaſant, that the imagination put her in a very pleaſant humour; and looking upon the Duke with a brisk airy ſmile, which exceedingly became her,

What think you, (said she to him) don't you find me a woman of great wit to order things so well? a Lady of less prudence than I, would have lost by this adventure the only ground of her pleasure, whilst I know yet where to be recompenc'd for my loss. What, Madam! (cry'd the Duke, almost astonish'd) do you make no greater scruple of carrying on two amours at the same time? That would be a very pritty scruple, reply'd the Dutchess, continuing her raillery; pray tell me, does what you call infidelity, leave any marks behind it? does it make the skin less fair, or the eyes less sparkling, for having extended the bounds of our kindness to two several Lovers? No, no my good Lord, (said she) 'tis just contrary; a multitude of Captives, is a mark of the conquerors valour; and the more we are lov'd, the more are we charming; and I believe my

ſelf enrich'd with as many new Graces, as I make new conqueſts. Ah Madam, cry'd the Duke, (who could no longer ſuffer the continuation of this diſcourſe) there's no man that hath a ſoul, or is any way capable of a true and noble paſſion, will be of the number of your conqueſts, after this knowledge of your conduct; I eſteem'd your compliance with the Kings deſires, as the effect of your Intereſt, which I could not blame; and was ſo prepoſſeſs'd, that I thought your inclination for me, produc'd by the influence of the Stars, which had not power to do ſo much for any other; but ſince your favours are the weakneſs of your conſtitution, which you cannot overcome, they are ſo many affronts to a generous perſon. And though the reſpect I bear your Sex, hinders me from divulging your procedure, it ſhall never hinder the conceiving an everlaſting contempt of them. The

Dutcheſs; who rejoyc'd exceedingly at his tranſport, let him take his Carreer a good while, till pittying *Octavio*'s trouble, My Lord Duke, ſaid ſhe, I could never have thought 'twould have been ſo eaſie for you to conceive ſuch unreaſonable Ideas of me; I imagin'd you had better known the Characters of thoſe kindneſſes I have ſhewn you, than to think them a habit of conſtitution; Go, ungratefull as you are, (continu'd ſhe, in a paſſionate manner) you deſerve not that I ſhould diſabuſe you; but ſince I have more goodneſs, than you injuſtice, I will let you know that I have no part in the Earls enterprize, nor know any thing of it, but what you your ſelf have told me. By theſe words, ſhe made him ſo clearly ſee the truth of what ſhe ſaid, and accompanied them with ſo many Oaths and kind reproaches, that ſhe oblig'd the Duke to beg her pardon and excuſe;

cuſe; which he had no great difficulty to obtain, the tranſports of Lovers never paſſing for a crime with knowing Ladies, whether they riſe from their jealouſie, or their paſſion, they make always a pleaſant figure in Loves intrigue. After they had ſpent what time was neceſſary to their reconciliation, and had confirmed it with the greateſt tenderneſs of Love, they thought what means was neceſſary to ſettle the Kings mind, which they knew was very much diſcompos'd; the Duke went to imploy *Montmorency* in this affair, but the Dutcheſs truſting her own charms, more than all other perſwaſions, haſtened to *Anet* to endeavour her ſelf her own juſtification, and ſucceeded in this deſign as well as formerly. The Earl could not deny that he had attempted this enterprize without *Diana*'s knowledge, and what he alledg'd of the example ſhewn him, having

no witneſs, ſhe made it paſs for a fixion, calling the Earl baſe unworthy fellow, and lyar, with ſo much confidence, that ſhe perſwaded the King he was really ſo. The ill conduct of this Ambaſſador, caus'd the Queen of *Scotland* to call him home, whither he return'd as ill ſatisfied with the ſincerity of the *French* Ladies, as the Dutcheſs with the wiltulneſs of the *Scotch* Gallants: he would have had recourſe to the Queen of *France*, as he uſed formerly to do, but ſhe was ſo extremely angry, for his making her ſeem to have been aſſiſting to a part of his deſign, that ſhe would never ſpeak word in his behalf.

The

The Nineteenth Day.

LOvers are never in more danger of being diſcover'd, than when they are left to themſelves; whilſt a Rival obſerves them, or an injur'd perſon troubles them, they uſe all their wit to ſecure themſelves from the traps which they imagine are laid to catch them; but as ſoon as they leave their care, upon the opinion of the publique inadvertency, they never ſcape being ſurprized. Since the Earls departure, the Court heard no more of Intrigues or Jealouſies; the King perſwaded of his Miſtreſſes faithfulneſs, and ſucceſsfull abroad, enjoy'd a ſolid tranquility; the Duke learning every day the *French* Cuſtoms, augmented his charms and alſo his enjoyments, his pretended Inſenſibility giving him leave to complement all the Ladies in the Court,

Court, without having an obligation to any, which made him pass a life whose joyes had no alloys but the retarding his concerns: But Love is a seditious fellow, and can't live quietly, and seems to renounce his nature when he is long in a place without giving notice of his being there. One evening the Dutchess was in an Arbor, cover'd with that sort of Roses which blow every moneth, and are so remarkable for their pleasant scent; a little Bank of grass loosely bespread with the falling leaves, made a bed as it were of Roses; and the King being gone to *Paris*, about some important affair, the kind Madam *de Valentinois* there expected the Duke of *Parma*, without other disturbance than her impatience. St. *Brune* watch'd at the entrance of the Arbor, and the Dutchess being almost lull'd asleep, rather by an amorous fit, than sleep

it

it ſelf, expected no ſurprize but from the Duke *Octave*, when the King interrupted her reſt; he returned from *Paris* ſooner than ſhe imagin'd, and having met one of the Dutcheſſes Servants near *Anet*, who told him ſhe was in the Garden, he fanci'd it a pleaſing piece of Gallantry to ſurprize her in her ſolitude; wherefore he made all his Attendants ſtop, and cauſing a private door of the Garden to be open'd, that came into the Fields, he went as if he had been guided by the God of Love, to the place where his Miſtreſs repos'd her ſelf. Though the day was almoſt ſhut in, St. *Brune* perceiv'd him through the Railes, but ſeeing the Duke arrive on the other ſide, all that ſhe could do was to feign a Cough, and run to meet *Octave*, to hinder him from coming where then he had nothing to do. The Dutcheſs, who took St. *Brunes* advertiſement for the ſignal

ſignal of her Lovers arrival, and her mind being fill'd with the thoughts of him, fancied ſhe ſaw him, and reach'd out her arm to embrace him, with a tranſport that caus'd a very violent one in the poor Prince: Ah my dear *Farneſe*, (ſaid ſhe) how long have you made me expect you? The King trembled at theſe words, and grew ſtiff in her armes, from whence he had torn himſelf if he had had ſtrength enough left him; but Madam *de Valentinois* looking upon this as the trick of a cunning Lover, who ſometimes by retarding his joy, makes it the more violent, ſhe redoubled her Careſſes and embraces, accompanying them with a thouſand kind words as witty as paſſionate, which put the King into ſo violent a rage, that there was no outragious words but he ſaid at his firſt emotion; his voice ſupplying the want of light, *Diana* perceiv'd her error, and promiſing

miſing her ſelf to repair it by her policy, ſhe try'd to ſtop the Kings going out; but 'twas impoſſible to do it, he got from her embraces, which he eſteem'd no better than thoſe of a Serpent, or ſomething more dangerous; and his preſent fury making him forget the moderation due to his dignity, 'tis ſaid he began his revenge by ſome blows with his fiſt, and teſtifi'd plainly in that Adventure, that Monarchs are men as ſoon as they become Lovers.

The Twentieth Day.

THis unexpected blow of fortune, ſo impoſſible to be foreſeen by Madam *de Valentinois*, ſo amaz'd her, that ſhe ſunk under it: ſhe cry'd, tore her hair, and according to the management of other

other imprudent Women, grumbled at St. *Brune* till she talk'd idly; her fury pass'd from the Confident to the Lover, she curs'd the time wherein he appear'd lovely to her, resolving never to love him more; and being of a high spirit, and knowing Hypocrisie of great use to crafty wantons, she talk'd of nothing but the great effects of Religion, and writ the King admirable Sermons upon the instability of the things of this World; and then making that retreat she had so often counterfeited, touch'd the King so much by this mark of her Repentance, that he could not resist——

The End.